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Judge

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"The king is dead! Long live the king!"
Thus shout the British bankers.
"Our syndicates have captured all
The Yankee lager-tankers.
They whip us when we try most things,
But now the crowd we sit on;
And old King Gam. must give his place
To new King John of Briton."

THE NEW AMERICAN MALT-KING.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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GOOD HITS are possible in everything but target-shooting.

* * *

LOOKS AS IF they liked Ben Harrison first-rate in Ohio and Indiana.

* * *

SOME PERSONS expect too much. For instance, they are mad because the elixir will not supply them with cork-legs and new sets of brains.

* * *

THE EXAMPLE of capital punishment is certainly effective in one way. The man who is hanged never commits another murder.

* * *

THE VICTIMS of the last hanging here are to be congratulated on the fact that they escaped the harrowing accounts of their taking-off in the daily newspapers.

* * *

THE JUDGE has never been an admirer of William Mahone; but if Virginia needs castor oil wherewith to purge herself of Democracy William may be that precise medicine.

* * *

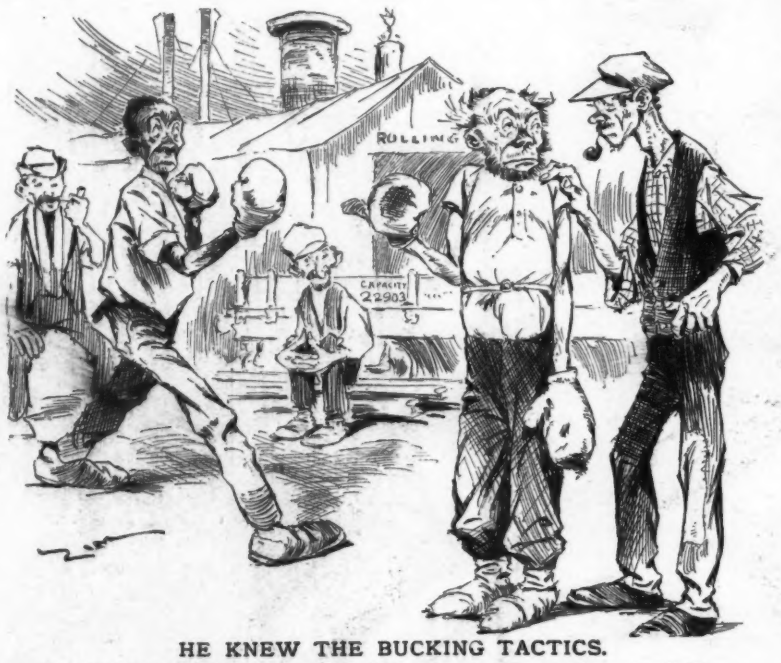
THE REPUBLICANS lead off with their New York state convention. There is nothing of a cowardly or hesitating nature about them. They believe in taking the Democratic jackass by the ears.

* * *

BEAUTY IN GIRLS is chiefly of value as it affects one man; and the western youth who said with emphasis, "I want her with every freckle," said a thing for unconscious art which was real wise.

* * *

ODD AS it may seem, the *Sun* continues to connect protection with Democracy, after the manner of the southern farmer who yoked the mule and the ox together, the one facing the place where his tail should have been and the other pointing his horns to the open air.



HE KNEW THE BUCKING TACTICS.

FINLAN (*at the rolling-mill scrap*)—"Have yez anny more gloves handy?"
MASTER OF CEREMONIES—"We have."
FINLAN—"Put wan on me opponint's head, 'r th' match doan' come off. Oi've fit wid coons befoor."

SELF-PRESERVATION.

THE DEMOCRATIC effort to educate the public toward "tariff reform" seems in its various forms of statement to advocate the theory that only by lowering duties on foreign manufactures can the national prosperity be attained and assured. There is but one string to the Democratic harp, one twang monotonously fingered, and the zang-zang of the solitary chord is more tiresome than edifying. As long as European labor is as low-priced and as plenty as it is, this country cannot possibly compete with it in its own or our own market. It would be like carrying coals to Newcastle or iron to Pittsburg, or freighting flour to Minneapolis. The proposition is its own absurdity. There is even now an oversupply in the European markets of the only exportable material we have, and the low prices on flour, grain, and cotton are the result of an unabsorbable abundance. The trans-Atlantic stomach cannot be any more than filled, and when filling the demand slackens; when full, it ends. The tariff may be adjusted in a score of ways, and re-reformed, and reformed again and again; but no legislation can create any foreign demand. Not a pound of cotton or a bushel of wheat more would be consumed. The only change probable by the repetition of previous unfortunate experiments of easier inlet of foreign manufactured goods would be to displace our own labor and increase competition by lessening the compensation of idle workers at home.

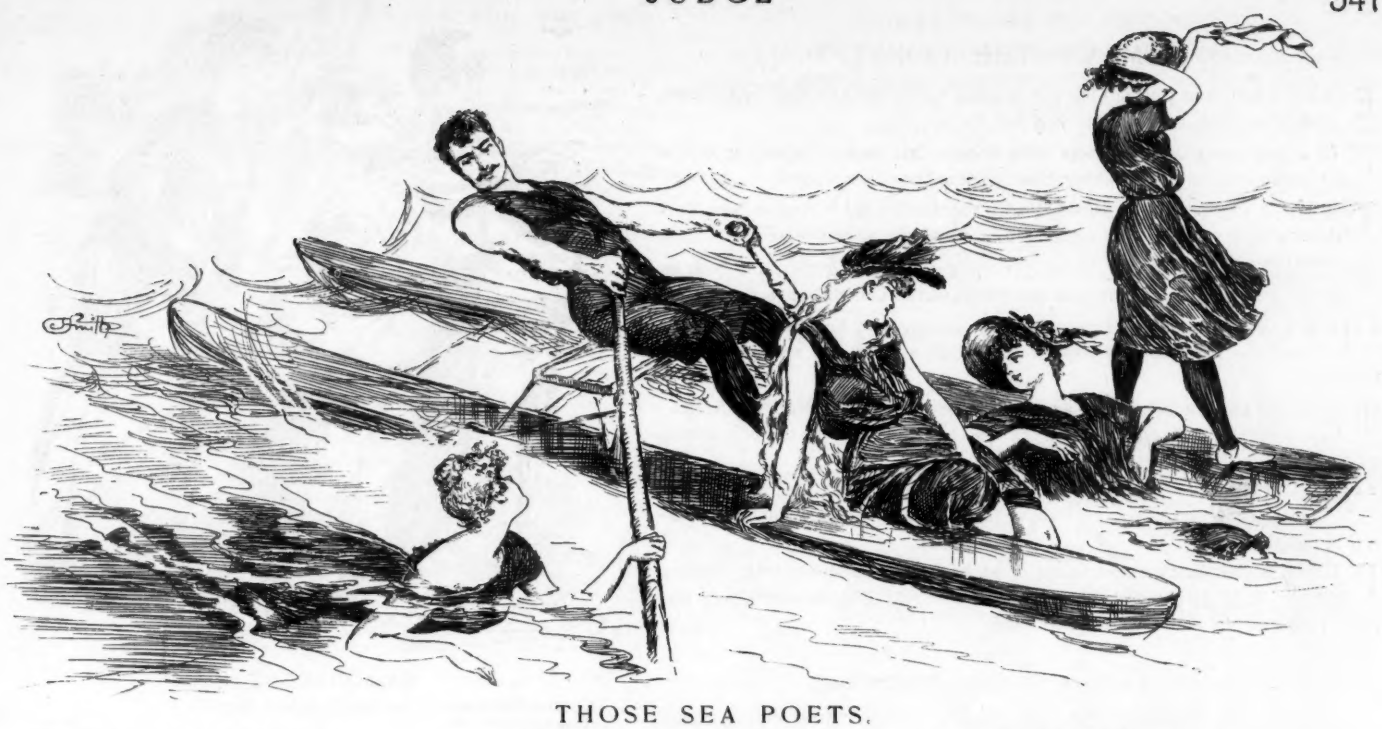
The first law of nature is self-preservation, and the man that is reckless is traitorous to himself. A nation, a multitude of individuals, is subject to the same fate. This country can be fitly compared to a rich farm, with liberal pasturage for its own stock. The protective fencing is a barricade against marauding cattle that would fill themselves and plod on and away. Lower the barrier, and the hungry droves would soon pare down the feeding-ground and pass on, leaving the domestic stock to starve. Extra demand would not stimulate extra growth, and the cropped meadows would turn their brown acres in protest to the lunacy that allowed their shearing.

While we are the greatest agricultural, we are next to the largest manufacturing people in the world. Our industrial output equals, or nearly equals, that of Great Britain. The consumption of the American citizen, however, is almost double that of any other, for the reason that his earnings are nearly so. German thrift is a necessity, not a choice. French carefulness is compulsory; English prudence obligatory. Here, because procurable, living is more generous. The transferred Irishman combines beefsteak with his pre-Atlantic potatoes, and the Italian for the first mixes meat with his macaroni.

The cost of American living is higher than European only because so much more and so much better. If our labor were as abstemious, if choice or parsimony scanted itself to the maugre European standard, our savings banks would overflow and our imports shrink to a cipher. We would be a far richer, and a far gaunter people.

The continued prosperity of the United States lies in caring for its own before competing for foreign markets. As long as we import annually six hundred million dollars' worth of products, three hundred million of which we could as well produce here, we are diminishing the demand for domestic labor, and proportionately narrowing the calls for the products of the farm. It is a hopeful sign that for the first in a long time our exports and imports are equal. We have for nearly three years been buying more than our sales could pay for, and the transfer of specie, or securities, from this to the other side has markedly paralyzed trade. Capital is a sensitive thermometer. Commercial sunshine registers it at blood-warmth; the commercial chills shrink its mercury to the bulb. We are buying less iron in Liverpool and producing more in Pennsylvania and Alabama. The southern cotton-mills are weaving the fabrics heretofore procured in Manchester, and at a lessened cost. A few years ago we purchased newspaper stock in Europe. To-day we produce our own supply, and a surplus, by the development of economy and a diminution of cost. Even the free-trade journals owe their existence or revenues to the sheet cheapened by the fostering of the tariff they abhor. It will be time to look for and develop foreign markets when we have supplied our own. In some industrial lines we have already reached the requirement of an outlet.

The call for a conference on the part of the administration of the representatives of Central and South American republics is in the expectation of developing intercourse with our nearest neighbors, joined to us by continental ties and political sympathy, yet heretofore repelled by commercial estrangement or indifference. These countries have products as radically different from our own as ours from theirs, and any policy fostering closer relations would be mutually profitable, and, unlike those we have with Europe, would be one of exchange rather than competition. J. A.



THOSE SEA POETS.

THEY'VE called old ocean "angry,"
And they've called it "raging wild;"
They've loaded it with 'jections by the score.
It's "dark," and "deep," and "stormy,"
Or it's "calm," "serene," and "mild,"
Until the terms have come to be a bore.

One singer says 'tis "placid,"
Then in stanza next below
He speaks of it as "rolling in its tide."
Another drives his stylus
To impress its "summer glow,"
While we secretly have thoughts of homicide.

But circumstances sometimes
Tend to muddle up the muse,
And we're thankful for the respite when they do.
There are "grays," and "blacks," and "purples"
Left to act as 'scriptive hues,
But he dies who dares to call *this* ocean "blue!"

G.

"DOWN through the circumambient ether come two lines from Lowell," says the *Herald*. This reminds us of Hangman Joe Atkinson; though indeed Joe occasionally drops four.

* * *

THE CRANKS known as prohibitionists, especially the *Voice*, continue to insist that the best temperance is that which knocks out Republicans and brings the Democratic party to the front. And the man Aaron thought it would improve his looks to cut off his nose.

* * *

A CABLEGRAM says Victoria is "perfectly kittenish." In view of the development of her age and nails we should think it would be safer to regard her as too imperfectly kittenish.

* * *

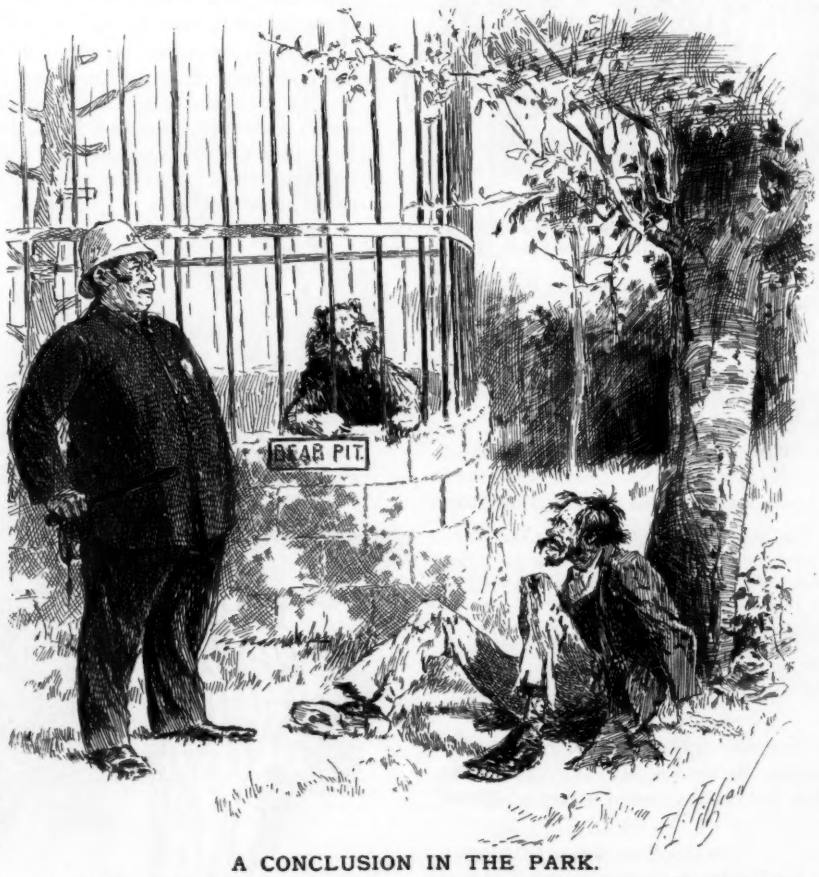
SOME OF OUR contemporaries are hard at work burying Boulanger, and we trust they will succeed; but it is not so many years since the late Kaiser William and the late Louis Napoleon were exiled in London, and they afterward made much fuss. Generally it is not wise to hold your funeral till you get your corpse.

* * *

THE FRIENDS of Grover Cleveland object strenuously to Mr. Hill's state ticket before it is nominated. Whether they will object to it after it is nominated, as Mr. Hill did in the case of the national ticket last year, is one of those things that you can't find out till after election; but there is always a convenient place for a knife in the Democratic boot.

THE FOUR HUNDREDTH.

THE WORLD is united in behalf of the proposition that the world's fair shall be held in the world's metropolis. It is proper that the other great centres of North America should present their claims, and the ambition of South America is to be encouraged in this as in every other case involving pride, patriotism, and enterprise; but New York has the hotels, the halls, the places for the great and all the smaller exhibitions, the avenues of entrance and exit by rail and water, the material for amusement, the hospitality, the honesty, the police system, the gates that open to and from the continent, the money, the disposition, the everything that contributes to the success of such colossal celebrating. The action thus far taken by the local authorities is wise and convincing. Congress will indorse it, and public opinion everywhere has already expressed it. We shall have the greatest celebration of the century; and a hundred years hence it may go to the national capital—which will be how far west?



A CONCLUSION IN THE PARK.

HOMELY PETTIGREW (*who has been rudely awakened*)—"Jest my bloomin' luck! Every time I'm took in dey's a strange judge on d' bench. I s'pose I'll git twenty year this time, by th' looks o' that one."

THE LESS you know about the situation in Hayti the more you are informed.

* * *

BERNHARDT is said to weep over the death of her husband with the vehemence of the widow who never separated from that incumbrance during her life. Ah, what an actress is Sara!—and this is said in full knowledge of the fact that all of her passion of hate and love is the genuine, unpumped agony.

HUM OF THE COURT.

EVERY PAPER in Chicago has the heading "The World's Fair," and immediately proceeds to show that it is just the opposite.

IT IS a first-rate joke of the New York *Weekly* that there is something new at the circus—namely, the children that laugh at the clown's jokes.

THE IDEA that other places should want the world's fair! Here in New York there is such progress that we hang four murderers at one time.

THE PRESIDENT and Mr. Blaine get along very well together, and both together get along excellently with the people of the United States.

"IF is a very large word," says a satirical exchange. "Yes," says Mr. Flack, "and the more so if it happen to be half a word and spelled with the double f."

THERE IS too much haste to announce "the successor of Mary Anderson." Now long life to Mary, and for a hundred years may she be the only actress to succeed herself.

"MONEY TALKS," says a Canada paper. Indeed it does; and what it says in Canada is, "If you go back to the states, my master, you'll get yourself in the penitentiary."

IT USED to be the case that reams of paper were necessary to bring about a southern duel. Now those fire-eaters dispense with the correspondence and order reams of talk and kegs of gunpowder.

REMINISCENT.

SQUIRE DEWLAP—"See that rock over there?"
THE GIRLS—"Yes."
SQUIRE DEWLAP—"Right under its shadow, twenty-five years ago, I asked your mother to marry me."
THE GIRLS (*carried away with curiosity*)—"What was her answer?"

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

MRS. MINNIE ARKENS—"Now let me see. I've got the ladle, and the spoons, and the nut-pickers, and the punch-bowl, and—by the way, Thomas, we need a wine-cooler."
MR. ARKENS (*to salesman*)—"Will you oblige me with the time, please?"
SALESMAN—"It is just three, sir."

SHERIFF FLACK never meant to do wrong. All he wanted was to offer protection to a friendless female, and by some strange accident the lady didn't happen to be his wife.

THE REVOLT at Honolulu failed to overthrow our old friend David Kalakaua. This is a triumph for royalty; but it would have been far better for Honolulu if the revolt had succeeded—and for David too.

IT ISN'T at all bad in the Rochester *Post-Express* to say that a rejected suitor suffers from heart-failure on the part of the girl; but it is curious that the greater the girl's affliction the more it seems to suitor.

THE KAISER and Francis Joseph enjoyed their recent reunion to the utmost; and when the czar visits the kaiser he will sit on a pair of pins with the grace and ease of a man who talks with a boil in his mouth.

NOBODY CARES what becomes of Sullivan and Kilrain; but it is pretty good argument that the state of Mississippi had better take care of its own law-killers, justice, like charity, having a right to originate at home.

WE FAIL to see why Lawyer Monell should be alarmed. Lawyer Kerr engineered the whole Jake Sharp business, and judge, bar, and jury held that he had the right as a lawyer to do anything of that kind that would be villainy on the part of an ordinary layman.

"JUDGE" PARKER of Richmond, Texas, fired the first gun in the recent revolt at that place, and "Judge" Terry sought the life of Judge Field because the latter ruled against him and his client. The JUDGE believes that quite too often there is too much law, whether it be that of "Judge" Lynch or the regular bench.

INVENTION has made it possible, according to an exchange, to walk as well with artificial legs as with real ones. Ah, what an immensity of rheumatism is thus taken out of a suffering world! And when invention shall supply the wooden in place of the genuine head what agony of neuralgia will be swept away!

THE DISCOVERY by the Lawrence *American* that some of the apostles were fishermen, and that therefore they must have prevaricated in that story of the loaves and fishes, *is* rather surprising; and yet—for we must be fair—how sweet is the honest confession that it wasn't Jonah that caught the whale, but the whale that caught Jonah. No ordinary fisherman would have compromised himself in that way—unless, indeed, he had been a prohibitionist and had consequently mixed his refreshments.

MR. ARKENS (*throwing back his coat*)—"Thank you."

AT THE THEATRE.

HE has the seat just next to me—
I wonder why fate willed it so—
And, turning half-around, I see
A dainty hand, as white as snow,
Which holds a fan, and o'er the top
A shapely head and beaming eyes,
Which, as they meet my glances, drop,
And to restrain a smile she tries.

Soft music falls upon the air—
The lights grow dim, the theatre still;
I muse upon this maiden fair,
And those bright eyes my visions fill.
The curtain rises, but I feel
A breeze from her fan on my cheek;
The scene is lost—my sweet ideal
Is near, and yet I dare not speak.

The mimic lovers on the stage
Enact their part—oh, could I read
What's written upon fortune's page!
Is not this maid my fate indeed?
The moments fly, the curtain falls,
But my sweet visions do not fade.
I am assured that fortune calls;
She is my fond ideal, this maid.

She fans herself, and fans me, too.
Sweet is that breath of air to me:
Before the minutes never flew
As now they do; what can it be
That holds me thus in mystic thrall?
Ah! but I would not snap the chain.
At length I see the curtain fall;
We part—to never meet again.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

REASON ENOUGH FOR IT.

"AND how is your husband, Mrs. McCarty? Is he as hard a worker as ever?"

"No; John ain't worked a day for seventeen years."

"Is he incapacitated?"

"No, ma'am; he's ded."

THE MAN OF IT.

Wife—"John, don't you want some of these plums for lunch? They're some I put up."

Husband—"No; I don't like plums with the pits in."

Wife—"But, John, these plums have no pits."

Husband—"Oh, that's so; they haven't. I knew there was something about them I didn't like.

CHECKED EAVESDROPPING.

CORRIGAN—"I want a warrant fer Tim Hogan's arrist."

SERGEANT—"What's the charge?"

CORRIGAN—"Ungintlemany assault. He run a rid-hot poker out t'rough th' kay-hole av his dure, an' near broiled th' ear av me lasht night."

GENTLE AND TO THE POINT.

"MADAM," said Dr. Roseinbloom, after a momentary but somewhat unpleasant encounter with the thorns of the parent stem, "I believe yours are the worst-acting children I ever saw."

"Doctor," sweetly responded his wife, "do you think they are any worse than yours?"

STREET-CAR TRAVEL IN CHICAGO.

IN A CHICAGO street-car.

First passenger—"Why didn't you take a cable-car down this morning?"

Second passenger—"My accident policy ran out last night, and I forgot to have it renewed."

AN ALLOWABLE DECEPTION.

DEACON WILBERFORCED—"Heah, sir, am a check fo' one hunnerd dollahs frum d' membahs ob yo' congergrasion."

REV. MR. BEALES (*in an anxious whisper*)—"Dis yer bank busted a yeah ago!"

DEACON WILBERFORCED—"Hol' yo' tongue! Dat gum-headed parson frum d' chu'ch in d' holler am present, an' we wan' ter mek a good showin' if we *is* pore."

OLD CHOCOLATE'S JOCOSERIOUS CHAT.

EBEN stealin' ull become a habit.

Luck am bettah en money in de bank.

W'en de mule trots, suffin er de mattah.

De neahah sundown, de fastah de lazy man stuhs 'is stumps.

Whar de preacher doan' practice de flock a bettah be blin' an' deaf.

De man w'ose crop wah sp'ilt by de rain grunts w'enebbah he sees a cloud.

Toe de man dat yo' wantah please yo' mus' say "Yessah" w'en he tells yo' he saw de sun las' midnight.

W'en yo' come outen a fight an' plastahs ah 'nuff toe dress yo' hu'ts, be happy dat yo' got no use fo' splints.

Ef Cæsar stole a hen las' week an' yo' say dat he stole a cow yist'd'y, whar ull yo' fin' a-one dat won't beleeb hit?

Yo' can't wring de neck ob yo' nabah's hen w'en yo' cotch huh in yo' gahden an' spec' dat he er gwinetoe spare yo' cat w'en he cotch huh in 'is kitchen.

J. A. WALDRON.

SOUNDED JUST LIKE HIM.

Wife—"John, I read in the morning paper that a very badly intoxicated man fell out of the fifth-story window of one of the downtown hotels and was killed. Nobody can identify him."

Husband—"Well, what of that?"

Wife—"I wish you'd go down to the morgue and see if it isn't you."

A VESSEL ALL THE SAME.

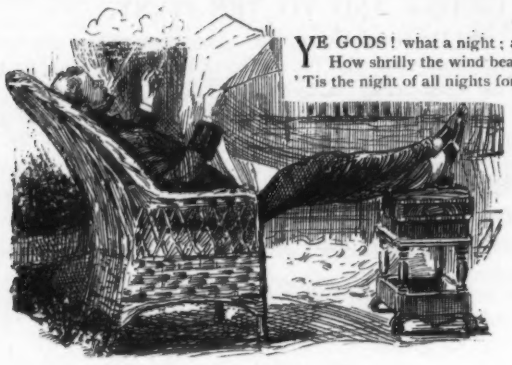
AN old salt had just heard of the death of a captain under whom he had made many voyages.

"And what did he die of?" asked the old salt.

"Of the rupture of a vessel."

"And the right kind of death for a sailor, I tell you—at the post of duty," commented the old salt with much emphasis.

BRIER PIPINGS.

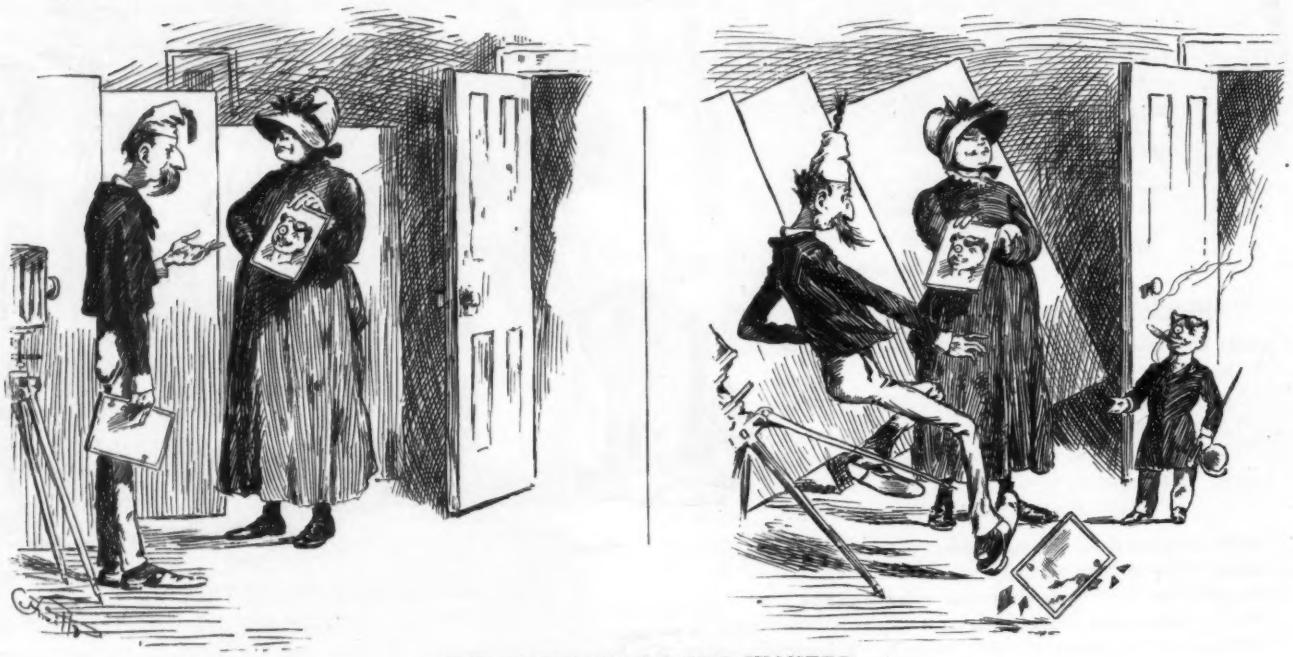


YE GODS! what a night; and just see how it rains!
How shrilly the wind beats the broad window-panes!
'Tis the night of all nights for a low easy-chair,
For a pipe and a laze in the firelight's glare,
So azurine wreaths may coquettishly twirl
And ravel the fancy in each tiny whirl:
A wealth of romances the mind may invoke
From past-away times in a brier-root smoke.

What mid-summer fancies take shape in the haze!—
Once more is the terrace with rose-shrubs ablaze;
Once more Beardless Page feels his pulses slip tight
While pale mists of blue meet his lazy-love sight;
For he ventures the eyes of the queen of coquettes
With all the bravado the sunshine begets.
There—just for a moment he winced at their stroke,
While lying at ease for a brier-root smoke.

How deeply his heart felt her languishing sighs
And throbbed in the marvelous light of those eyes!
The exquisite rose-tint that bloomed in her cheek
Forbade him to hasten, yet coaxed him to speak.
And still o' wet nights an old rickety clerk
Toils up to his three-story-back after work,
To moon by his fire and feel his heart choke
With fancies that form in the brier-root smoke.

DE WITT STERRY.



SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED.

MRS. HERCHILD—"My son is going to California, and I want to get some copies of this life-size photograph to distribute round among the family."
THE ARTIST—"But madam, that isn't a life-size photo."
MRS. HERCHILD—"It ain't, ain't it? Solly, come in here a minute."
SOLLY—"Good mornin'!"

HIS IDEA OF IT.

DISCUSSING a musical amateur.

She—"Uncle Charles, what should you call Mr. Crossbar, a harper or a harpist?"

He—"Neither. If I called him anything I should say he was a confounded nuisance."

PATHOS IN THE SURF.

WE sported gayly in the surf;
And as I felt her timid form
Press close, for sweet protection's sake,
My somewhat ancient heart grew warm.

"O maid, most fair of summer-girls,
Upon life's ocean let us sail;
My heart's best love our anchor true,
And faith our boat for every gale.

"I do not ask you for your past.
Take me on trust; I'll take you so.
Alas! some anguish chord I touch.
You pale." "A crab has got my toe!"

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

DIDN'T WANT ANY ACCIDENTS.

"IS THERE a man from Michigan in this car?" shouted a brakeman on an Ohio road, and three men stood up.

"The conductor says," continued the brakeman, "that if you ague fellers don't stop shaking this here car you'll have to get off. We're coming to a ticklish point in the road and we don't want no accidents."

A FALLEN MANTLE.

MRS. CRONIN—"Yez know th' leddy Oi washes for on Murray's hill?"
MRS. HANAHAN—"Oi do."
MRS. CRONIN—"Her phlug dog wor afther dyin' an' she gev me th' har-rness t' surprise Pat wid. Kim here, dar-rlin, an' show yoursilf."

LADIES' WHIST.

LIST! Four ladies playing whist.
"Is it my lead?" asks the first.
"Well, of all hands, I've the worst!"
"Dear me! if I only knew
What you had," chirps number two.
"Now I can't say, on the whole,
That this play accords with Pole,
But it is the best I have,"
Number three says, mild and suave.
While above this small uproar
Comes the chorus from all four,
"What's the trump?"

"Mrs. Gray, is that your ace?"
"Oh, say, have you seen the lace
Selling now at Brown and Dart's?"
"I forgot that she trumps hearts."
"And the most exquisite shade—
Gracious! haven't you a spade?"
"Is it my play? What was led?"
"Do you know you can get thread
Only four cents?—John Smith's best"—
Just here chime in all the rest,
"What's the trump?"

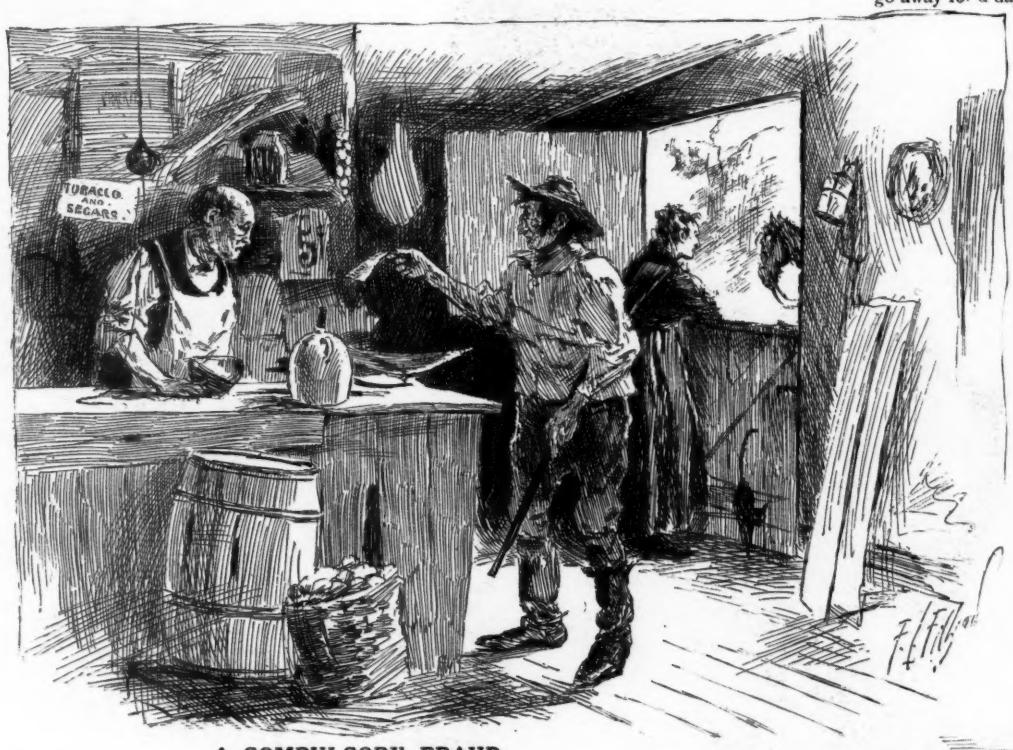
"This I think's the leading spade.
O-h! I thought that jack was played."
"Well, that makes two points for you.
One for us, did you say, Sue?"
"How can that be? Did you trump?"
"Have you heard about the bump
Nellie's boy had on his head?"
"Isn't that a lovely spread?"
"Did I take that trick? Dear me!"
Here strike in the other three,
"What's the trump?"

"How much better we all play
Than we did." "Well, I should say!"
"Once I couldn't keep my mind
On the game; but now I find
It as easy as can be."
"Is it your deal? Let me see—
No; the cards belong to you."
"I remember now that Sue
Led the king, and that the nine—
Did you say the lead was mine?
What's the trump?"

LOUISE PHILLIPS.

THE HONEYMOON KISS.

Bradley has been married only a week, and has got to go away for a day on business.



A COMPULSORY FRAUD.

GEORGIA CRACKER (*in Atlanta*)—"You say it ain't wuth nothin'?"
STORE-KEEPER—"Not five cents. It's confederate money. Where did you get it?"
GEORGIA CRACKER—"Hank Uplans passed it on me, 'way back in '62. I've had it in a stockin' up-garret ever sence, a-savin' of it up."
STORE-KEEPER—"Can't you pass it back on him?"
GEORGIA CRACKER—"Not easy. Yer see, Hank kinder held back on givin' of it up, an' I hed t' gun him. He never come to."

HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

A NEPHEW to his old and wealthy uncle:

"I am desperate, and unless you send me two thousand dollars by this evening I shall take my life; by midnight I shall be no more."

Reply of the uncle:

"Yours of this date received. When, some time ago, you sent me a missive of similar import, and I sent you my revolver, what did you do? You 'spouted' the weapon. I have no more revolvers."

THE WORST BLOW YET.

"THAT'S the way with the world," he growled. "You do something the people don't like and they turn on you quicker than you can say 'Jack Robinson.' Ethel can go home to her mother if she wants to. As long as I have the house and something to eat I won't care. But great heavens!" he exclaimed, as he looked about the pantry, "I'll be hanged if the milk hasn't turned too."

A FACETIOUS JUDGE.

TWO brothers named Hart were arrested for buncoing a farmer.

As the judge sentenced them to five years apiece he said it called to his mind that touching passage, "Two souls with but a single thought; two Harts that beat as one."

ELIXIR.

THERE was a very ancient maid,
Whose charms were dreadfully decayed,
Declared she wouldn't be afraid
To try, for luck, that modern aid,
Elixir!

The which she promptly did; and oh!
Unless you knew you wouldn't know
That anything could change her so,
And give her such a youthful glow.
Elixir!

It made her young, it made her sweet;
It brought a lover to her feet
Who, unsuspicious of a cheat,
Pronounced her most uncommon neat.
Elixir!

And they were wed—alas the day!
For stimulation wore away;
And when her charms refused to stay
So mad 't made her lord, they say
Elixir!

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD

SHUT UP.

BOBBY (*trying to be funny*)—"Supposing I should steal him some night and take him to the pound?"
MISS EDGEWAYS—"I don't believe the pound-keeper would be entirely sure just which one of you to keep."

A PORTRAIT OF COMMISSIONER TANNER PAINTED

CHORUS OF CRITICS—"How wonderful

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO. N.Y.

AINTED FROM A DEMOCRATIC POINT OF VIEW.

w wonderfully true to life it is!"

THE OLD TIN DINNER-HORN.

The St. Louis *Dispatch* wants a law in that state to prevent any one from blowing a dinner-horn except for legitimate purposes and at the dinner-hour. They don't take to music in Missouri.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN the blossom's on the tater an' the tassel's on the corn,
An' the ripenin' tomaytesses 's blushin' like the morn,
When the pole-bean's young an' tender an' the ingen an' the beet
An' the cowcumber an' cabbage's 'bout big enough to eat;
When the yaller-leg spring-chicken's fried in butter "to a turn,"
An' corn pone's hot an' buttermilk's jest emptied from the churn—
Oh, it's then I love the music of the tootin' dinner-horn,
When the blossom's on the tater an' the tassel's on the corn.

When the scorchin' sun o' summer pours down on a feller's back,
An' him a workin' fit to kill a pilin' up the stack;
With the dusty sweat a pourin' down his face into his eyes,
An' the thresher keeps a buzzin' like a pantry full of flies;
When he feels about as holler as the everlastin' sky,
Then he gits a sense o' goneness nothin' else can satisfy
Like the appetizin' music of the tootin' dinner-horn,
When the blossom's on the tater an' the tassel's on the corn,

Milk an' honey, ham an' eggs, an' biscuits hot an' light,
Buckwheat cakes an' tree merlasses 's a mighty luscious sight;
An' roast spar' rib an' sweet pataters baked with sassidge-meat,
But buttermilk an' garding sass is mighty hard to beat,
An' when a feller's empty from his buzzum to his boots
The's a sight o' hallylooyer in the satisfyin' toots
Of the wimmen-folks a blowin' on the old tin dinner-horn,
When the blossom's on the tater an' the tassel's on the corn.

EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

A MODEST REQUEST.

BRIDGET has a kitchen full of her company.

Mistress (from the head of the stairs)—"Bridget!"

Bridget—"Yis, ma'am."

Mistress—"It's ten o'clock."

Bridget—"T'ank ye, ma'am; an' will ye be so koind ez to till me whin it's twelve."

STAT(E)ISTICAL.

Conductor (as the train touches the Illinois border)—"Chicago! Change cars for the rest of the planet. Those wishing to go direct to hades keep their seats."

BAD FOR HIS BUSINESS.

First stranger (at the theatre)—"That was a short wait between those acts, wasn't it?"

Second stranger—"Yes; too short."

First stranger—"Don't you like short waits?"

Second stranger—"No; I keep the saloon under the theatre."

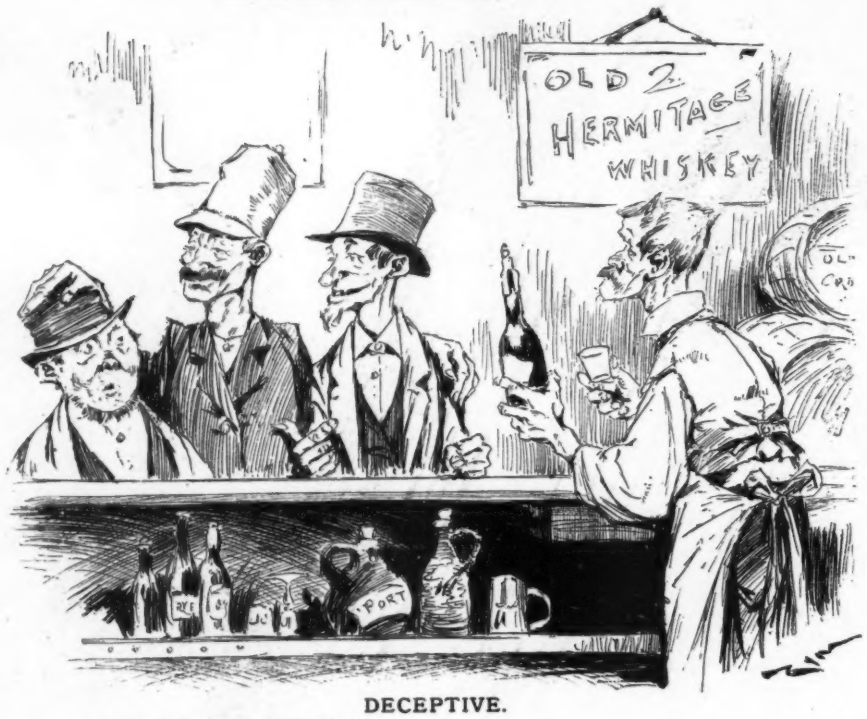
HIS QUALIFICATIONS.

Moneybags—"And so you want to preach for us, do you?"

Minister—"Yes; if I thought I could fill the place."

Moneybags—"What qualifications have you for the position?"

Minister—"The very best, sir. I played short-stop on the Kankakees last season."



DECEPTIVE.

BROGAN—"What'll yez hov?"
CLEARY—"I'll tek whuskey."
COLLINS—"Whuskey."
REARDON—"Gimme a drop o' whuskey."
BROGAN—"I doan' t'ink they's enough in th' bottle t' do yez all."
CLEARY (*magnanimously*)—"Lave Reardon out. His mout's th' shmallest."
REARDON—"It's a *well* inside, Brogan."

THE SPREAD OF THE COMPETITION.

TRAVELER (*from Chicago*)—"Come back here, you rascal!"
LOCAL PATRIOT—"Not much. I don't take no chances on this 'xhibit goin' back t' Sheecargo, after we once git it here."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"AND will you not be mine?" he asked tenderly, as he took her hand.

"No, Percy," she replied, "I can never marry a horse-doctor; but the moment you become a veterinary surgeon I am yours."

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Friend—"Why do you call your institution 'The Healthery when you have so many sick patients?"

Quack doctor—"Because I should never get a patient if I called it 'The Sickery.'"

WHAT SHE WANTED.

Undertaker—"And what will you have on the headstone, Mrs. Blifkins? I suppose something regarding the true qualities of Mr. Blifkins as a husband and father?"

Widow—"Yes; but nothing compromising. I expect to be led to the altar again shortly."

WOMAN'S RULE.

HE WAS lecturing on "Woman's Rule" and he asked the question, "How many men are there present to-night who are run by their wives?"

About three-quarters of the men stood up.

"And now," he said, "how many are present who are run by their wives and who are afraid to acknowledge it?"

All the rest of the men were on their feet in an instant.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Dhere vas more echoes in dis vorld as dhere vas voices.

A goot many fellers dook dheir foorst shtep in life on der door-shtep.

Some fellers got blaindy sense, shtill don'd did hafe der abilidy to show eny of it.

Vhen you bractice demplerenz plaindy goot you don'd nefer hafe a rye face on your head.

Der real dreasures of dis worldt vas so shmall dot a feller could shtuff 'em all on der outside in of his heart.

Vhen I see me a man mit a ret nose on his face, I got me some inflamation dot it vas besser dot man he go und hedge his bet.

Vhen you valk der shtreet ofer don'd be tempted by an Eve. Der tuyfel is der only feller dot should hafe der monopoly of dot pishness.

Der feller dot can vhittle a pooty goot character out of der rough chibs of efery-day life, he vas ondidled to haf a goot abetite on his tomb-shtone.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GAZETTELINGS.

As a rule there is no subtler man than the sutler.

In poultry circles the old hen generally proves her good standing by her setting.

When purchasing fruit by the dozen look out that your fruiterer doesn't count each pear as two of a kind.

It was a country school-boy who remarked that in ancient times all public executions took place in the hanging-gardens of Babylon.

"What prompted you to rob this man's till?" asked the judge of the prisoner. "My family physician, sir," was the reply; "he told me it was absolutely necessary that I should have a little change."

"I think, my friend, you are mistaken about Babbler. He has the reputation of being a man who keeps his word." "Of course he keeps his word. He has to; he can't get any one else to take it."

Anxious friend (to returning bicyclists who have been competing at county meet)—"Well, boys, what luck? Did you break the record?" *Heavy better*—"Record? No. But it's about the only constituent of the party that isn't broke."

"Oh, let us seek some oyster-place,"
She said, as sigh she gave,
"Some oyster-place where we may rest
And sweet refreshment have."

Just then a loaded cloud did from
Its deeps a gulf dismiss—
Said he, "I doubt if we could find
Some moister place than this."
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

There would be no indigestion in the world if Angostura Bitters were used by all. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, manufacturers. At all druggists.

A FLUSH IN RESERVE.

The fair poker-player was pleased with the game,
For the betting was free and the limit was high,
But affected reluctance to bet all the same,
And pushed in her chips with a bit of a sigh,
Oh, this fair poker-player was wonderful sly!
Then she looked on the pot with a smile that was bland,
Broke into a laugh when they made the last raise,
Raked the board with four aces she held in her hand,
And then had a flush on her beautiful face.
—*New York Herald.*

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.

YOUMANS
CELEBRATED HATS.
Style and Quality Unequaled.
180—719—1107 Broadway.

HUMBLING AN AUTOCRAT.

The autocrat of the sea-side resort is not the man with his millions, but the hotel cook. The clerk in the office may imagine that he owns most of the earth, and the head waiter may feel that he has a warranty deed of the remainder, but when you come right down to facts the boss of the kitchen is the boss of the ranch. He is the unseen power behind the throne to which all bow.

At our hotel the soup had invariably been seasoned so high with cayenne pepper that not one out of ten could more than taste it. The same was true of the deviled clams. One day I made a kick, and in five minutes I had half a dozen guests with me. We interviewed the landlord, and his reply was, "I have nothing to say about it. You must go to the chief cook."

We sought an interview with that magnate. He was a colored man with the dignity of a Roman senator. We made our complaint, and he replied, "I season dat soup an' dem clams to suit my taste."

"But it doesn't suit ours."

"Can't help dat, sah."

"We want less pepper."

"Can't help dat."

"Do you refuse to make a change?"

"I sartinly do, sah. I 'lows nobody to tell me what to do."

We returned to the veranda and went into convention. Every minute added to our numerical strength, and in a quarter of an hour we numbered forty men. Then it was unanimously

Resolved, That if the cook refuses to use less pepper we seek some other hotel.

Delegates were appointed to wait on the landlord, and he replied: "Gentlemen, I am sorry; but I dare not interfere."

Forty rooms were vacated, forty trunks packed, and then mine host wilted. He called in the cook, and though that individual attempted to stand on his dignity he had to wilt. By this time the excitement was intense, and had the forty gone they would have been followed by a hundred more. "Less pepper!" was the watchword all over the house, and it meant a great deal to that landlord. We kicked, we saw, we conquered, and the next soup and clams exactly suited the popular taste. The cook is still the unseen power behind the throne, but he has skipped a cog, and no one is afraid of him any longer.—*Free Press.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

HIS LOVELY INNOCENCE.

It had rained all the long, dreary day, and little Lord Fauntleroy's golden curls were bedraggled and wet, and his nice collar hung limp adown his slender shoulders when he came home at 4.15 and tossed his school-books at the cat which lay by the hearth.

"Grandpa," he said, softly, as he came to where the old man was quietly sitting, smoking and thinking, "I thought all brides were of the female sex."

"They are, child; they are. Why do you make such an odd remark?"

"Because, grandpa, in looking over my geography-lesson I came upon the Hebrides. Are they female, too? And if so, why are they called 'he'?" And the little lord peered into his grandsire's face with an anxious, eager look in his gobelin-blue eyes, which showed how great was his desire to be informed correctly.

"Go away, child; you weary me," said the old man. And little Lord Fauntleroy crept sadly away, and did not smile again even once all the remainder of the day.
—*Albany Express.*

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.
Case one dozen bottles, $30.00, net. Case two dozen half-bottles, $32.00, net.

One Sunday morning, recently, a little Harrisburg girl named Edith was devoting her nine-year-old intellect to a survey of her Sunday-school lesson. Close by her sat her mother. "I never knew that before," said Edith all of a sudden. "Never knew what, Edie?" "That David was a Republican." "What put that into your head?" "Why, here it says," replied Edith, reading from her book, "'David pleadeth for protection'—so he must have been a Republican. Is there anything in the bible about free-trade, mamma?"
—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THAT ELIXIR.

Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir was discovered too late to save the greenback party.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

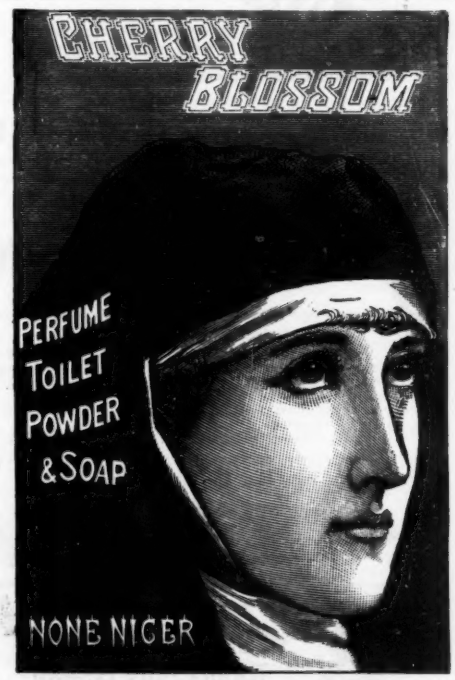
A turtle dated 1771 has turned up on the Massachusetts coast. The turtle, instead of the lamb and the guinea-pig, might be used, perhaps, for compounding the elixir of life.—*Chicago Herald.*

Some future Donnelly will doubtless discover cryptogrammatic evidence that Dr. Brown-Sequard was not the original discoverer of the "elixir of life"; that, in fact, the secret of the rejuvenating art was known to the ballet-girls many years before the venerable Sequard was born.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

If Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir of life should fill the bill, it will be rough on the undertakers. Still they may eke out a miserable existence as long as ice-cream and bad whisky are fashionable luxuries.—*Chester News.*

When what we now know as whisky was first distilled the chemist pronounced it the water of life. It has instead proved itself the bane of many a man's existence, merciful to him only when it cut him off from a life which became a daily horror. Brown-Sequard's fluid will have its run, and a disappointed but a credulous world will stand expectant of the next great discovery.—*Chicago Times.*

THE CORRECT THING
For Smokers who wish to be in good form and study health, pleasure, and economy is to
BUY THEIR CIGARS DIRECT
from the manufacturer. To all fashionable smokers we would heartily recommend the
"La flor de España Defina,"
(the latest and best blend of tobaccos).
INFANTA PERFECTO'S STYLE,
$8 per box of 100, prepaid by express anywhere. Remit by money-order, postal-note, or draft on New York.
Order a box of "España Defina." You will be delighted with them.
"BEST RECORD" CIGAR FACTORY,
PORTCHESTER, N. Y.



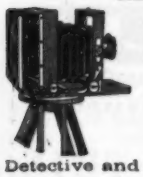
In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM

PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.
A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.
Our Vanity Fair and other smoking mixtures are the finest for the pipe.
15 First-prize Medals. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE CLEMENTS SAFE
Is a wrought-iron, fire-proof, combination lock safe; is made in all sizes, and sells from $35.00 upward, including cost of delivery at any railroad station east of Rocky Mountains. Send for illustrated catalogue.
M. CLEMENTS, CINCINNATI, O.
Established 1859.
AGENTS In many cities and towns agents are wanted to sell the Clements Safe to business and professional men, farmers & private families.

HAVE YOU A CAMERA? IF NOT, CALL ON
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway, - - - NEW YORK,
Manufacturers and Importers of



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APPARATUS AND SUPPLIES.
Detective and View Cameras in Great Variety.
Books of Instruction. All the latest Novelties. Amateur outfits in great variety, from $9 upwards. Send for catalogue, or call and examine.
More than FORTY-FIVE YEARS established in this line of business.

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES AND BON-BONS
BEST IN THE WORLD. $1.00 PER POUND. IN ELEGANT METAL BOX. BY MAIL IN ONE AND TWO POUND BOXES: LARGER PACKAGES BY EXPRESS. RETAIL BRANCH, 45 WEST ST., BOSTON.

HUTCHINSON'S GLOVES ARE THE BEST.

Made with care and *warranted*. Send stamp to the manufacturer for the book *about gloves*, and how to get them. It will interest you.
ESTABLISHED 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON,
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
See what my customers think of the gloves I am sending them:
PROSPECT HARBOR, ME., June 12th, 1889.
MR. HUTCHINSON, DEAR SIR—I use, and have used for many years constantly, gloves of many kinds and makes, and have never found a *better* glove than yours.
I never have got from you any cheap or imperfect goods. The make and fit are first-class.
Yours, etc., CH. C. LARRABEE, M.D.

A Box of Wind Matches Free to Smokers of
TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Take it Along.

To the mountain or the sea-shore, wherever you go, your hair-brush and tooth-brush unfailingly accompany you, but why not your soap? The article that is provided for your use at the hotel or in the cabin or in the car is quite likely to be of the vilest description, burning and poisoning the skin and destroying its smoothness and beauty. If, on the other hand, you take with you a sufficient supply of **Pears' Soap,** which is the best of all soaps, you insure refreshing baths and a clear, wholesome, and beautiful complexion. And, by the way, gentlemen should remember that Pears' Shaving Stick is the acme of all shaving-soaps.

CURRENCY.

The good people may stay at home, but the better classes attend the races.

All is fair in war, and if the exposition squabble is not soon settled we shall believe that all is war in fair.

Who says the workingman may not rise in America? When a man "puts up his dukes" does he not elevate his hands to the peerage?

The Denver mining exchange has adopted resolutions opposing free lead. Many citizens of Colorado have opposed themselves to free lead with disastrous results.

The forgers in a thousand prisons will now begin to write poetry in honor of those having the pardoning power, and will send their effusions to the wives of the aforesaid.

New Jersey has scarcely any mosquitoes this year. The fact that Detroit has mosquitoes for the first time since the days of Governor Mason is accounted for. Send 'em back. They are assisted immigrants.

It is not long since the kaiser expressed a very frank opinion of his English relatives. He was kissed on both cheeks when he arrived at Osborne, his grandmother officiating. He is probably now an Anglo-maniac. Such a ceremony is enough to make any man a maniac of some kind.

Connecticut has a law forbidding the sale of cigarettes to minors. The dealers have met it by sprinkling "nickel-in-the-slot" machines, which furnish the forbidden fruit, all over the state. The machines cannot be indicted, and the dealer does not know the age of the person who drops the coin.

Boston only needs to ask for the world's fair to have it. Its hotels may be insufficient, its railway facilities moderate, and its speed too exclusive to make the crowd feel at home; but it has the honor of being the home of John L., and its ball-team leads the league. By the way, has Boston ever asked any one to visit it since the peace jubilee?—*M. Quad.*

A statistician has discovered that a man sixty years of age has devoted two years, ten months, and three days to buttoning on his collar. The statistician neglected to state how many years the same man has devoted to hunting for his collar-button when it has rolled under the bed.—*Lawrence American.*

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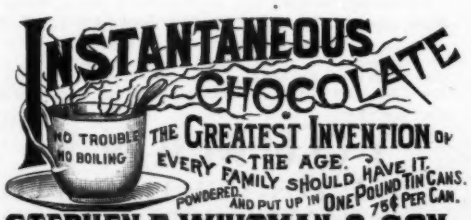
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Crosse & Blackwell's
FRESH FRUIT JAMS,
Made from English Fresh Fruits
AND REFINED SUGAR,
Are Sold by all Grocers
IN THE UNITED STATES.



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INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

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THE CAMARGO CORSET.

Corsetiere de Luxe

In 8 Models, and a special shape for equestriennes.

Made in Fine French Coutil and Satin, in Black, White, Gray, Light Blue, Pink, and Cardinal.

The qualities range from medium to the finest corset made. The shape in all qualities is faultless. The sale in the United States is confined to our firm.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

We grow heavy moustache, in 20 to 30 days. DYKE'S 2 or 3 Pkg's. do it. Pay needed. As proof, send 12c Dollar also Pkg's. for 25c. profit. Stamps taken.

whiskers, and hair on bald heads. BEARD ELIXIR, the only remedy. Agents, $5 per day. No experience need out fronds, we mail anybody, 4 for 50c., or 12 for $1. We ask no Smith Mfg. Co. Palatine, Ill.

"THE FIRST WEALTH IS HEALTH."—*Emerson.*

DR. JAEGER'S

Sanitary Woolen System Company,

Combine Pleasure with Safety!

Children and adults are equally liable to the ills resulting from climatic changes in the mountains, at the seashore or on the ocean; therefore be wise, and send for the catalogue (mailed free) of descriptions, illustrations, samples of materials and price-list of the

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.,
827 and 829 Broadway, New York.

CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago

KNOX'S WORLD-RENOWNED HATS.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

Retail stores, 212 Broadway, corner Fulton st.; 194 5th ave. under Fifth Avenue Hotel; 340 Fulton st., Brooklyn, and 191 & 193 State st., Chicago. Agents for the sale of these high class Hats can be found in every city in the United States.

TRADE E&W MARK
EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

WEST SHORE RAILROAD HALF HOLIDAY SPECIAL.

The West Shore Railroad has arranged for a Half Holiday Special Train, leaving New York

Every Saturday at 1 P.M.

during the Summer Months. This train makes Express time, and reaches all important points along the

Hudson River and in Catskill Mountains;
Also
Lakes Mohonk and Minnewaska.

This will, no doubt, prove a Popular train. Business men can leave after close of business Saturday, and take supper with their families in the Mountains.

Special Monday Morning Train Returning

leaves all points in the Mountains Monday Morning, arriving at New York in time for business.

FACIAL BLEMISHES

The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

THE ROMAUNT OF A HAIRPIN.

Gray little Quaker, quiet-eyed,
Cooped in the corner of a car,
I watched you leaf from leaf divide
In that poor novel, "Like a Star."
Your paper-knife, I do declare,
Was but a hairpin from your hair.

And while the hairpin led the way
I saw you smile from page to page,
And nod your head as if to say,
"This story doth my heart engage."
But suddenly, unlike a lamb,
You shut the volume with a slam.

What did the precious heroine do?
Prove false, though most divinely fair?
Or die untimely? Would I knew,
That I might make the placid air
Wherein that novelist exists
A very hurricane of fists!

Ah! would that I might pen a tale,
All fashioned for your ears alone;
A little ship with silver sail
From sapphire seas of Eros flown.
But no! you put the hairpin back,
And left the train at Hackensack.

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

UNCLE EBEN'S CONSERVATISM.

Uncle Eben was careful in all that he said;
He was never dead-sure nor dogmatic.
If he was as mad as a hornet at bay
He could not be pronounced and emphatic.
He thought it was best to go sure and go slow,
And always take time for his whiskers to grow,
And his blame or his praise would end with this phrase,
"I dunno as I know; I dunno."

When his neighbors were wild in political strife,
And asked his opinion about it,
"I dunno but it is, I dunno but it ain't,"
He would slowly declare; "but I doubt it."
Then he'd pause a long time, scratch his head, and lay low,
For it took quite a while for his language to flow;
But at length he would say in a calm kind of way,
"I dunno as I know; I dunno."

You might pelt him with truth, you could stone him with facts,
You could crush him with strong demonstration,
And teachers and preachers and lawyers could talk;
He would have just the same hesitation.
He would still scratch his head, undecided and slow,
But no flush of conviction his face would o'erflow;
But slowly he'd say in his old chronic way,
"I dunno as I know; I dunno."

"I dunno as I know; I dunno as I know,"
The refrain of his song of existence.
But we loved the old fellow—after he died
And his soul wandered off in the distance.
Then we thought were we wiser and less fond of show,
Less weak and less proud of our work here below,
Like him we would say every day, every day,
"I dunno as I know; I dunno." —*Yankee Blade.*

KIMBALL'S Première Qualité is a superb Cigarette of Virginia and North Carolina Tobacco.

HE DIDN'T HAVE A FAIR SHOW.

My wife sez I might hev been famous, and sich,
An' chock full of l'arnin', an' tol'able rich:
My systim is soaked full of genyus, I know,
But you see I hain't hed a blame bit of a show.

Sez I to Joe Peters, "I didn't hev no chance,
For my parents was poor, to make any advance."
"Bill Shakespeare's parents was poorer," said he;
"And Shake he writ purty good stuff, you'll agree."

"Yes; but Shake hed no principle, more 'n an old cud.
'Tis my conscience that keeps me way down in the mud."
"But Grant's parents was poor," he resoomed with great awe.
"Wall, I might be a Grant, but I hain't got no war."

"George Washington's dad hadn't a cent to his name,
But George scraped together consider'ble fame."
"But he flourished before I was born, don't ye see,
An' didn't hev a bit competition from me."

—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

"I'm weary, doctor, and I need
Rest from this over-active state;"
So, fortune heard and gave him heed
And made him walking-delegate.—*Ex.*

MAIL CHUTES AND FREE U.S. MAIL SERVICE.

We have fitted up over 300 office buildings with U.S. Mail Chutes and the Postal Collection Service is extended to them. Business men need the special facilities which this plan gives. Sole makers,

CUTLER MF'G CO.,
Pat'd. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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See that every pair is stamped The BURT & PACKARD. "Korrect Shape."

IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT.

If you want **perfection** in fit, with freedom from **corns** and **all discomfort** you will always wear the **Burt & Packard Shoe.** It is acknowledged as the *most comfortable*, the *best wearing* and *most stylish* gentlemen's shoe made in the world.

Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes.

The **Burt & Packard Shoe** costs no more than any other fine shoe, *though none approach it in value.*

All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to

Packard & Field, (successors to Burt & Packard) **Brockton, Mass.**

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STEUBEN CO.,
NEW YORK.

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A Natural, Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the Wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from selected grapes, and are pure Wines.

FOR PRICES, ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

FAT FOLKS

using "**Anti-Corpulene Pills**" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila. Pa.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Address Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25cts. a Box
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

ARE YOUR CONGRESS SHOES INSURED?

WHERE INSURED? In Boston, at the office of **Hub Gore Makers,** the largest manuf'urers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on

the *inside of the Elastic* is the Insurance Seal Stamp.

HOW Insured? By this **Legal Document** which accompanies the shoes.

INSURANCE CERTIFICATE.
Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

This insures *to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for* **ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS** *from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Isl'ds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.*
HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.
Signed. Albert Herbert Prest
E R Page. Treas.

WHAT Insured?— *The Elastic Gore.*

AGAINST { Shrinking. Fading. Bagging. Losing Shape. Getting Loose. Wearing Out. } SUCH SHOES { Look Better. Fit Better. Feel Better. Last Longer.

WHERE Sold? EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore *if you insist.* They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy *imitations* on which they make *extra* profit. Look out for such "dodges." Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic.

We furnish Hub Gore to over 1,000 makers of *good* shoes and insure the shoes. 100,000 dealers sell them. If your dealer won't supply you, write us for list of dealers in your locality.

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Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

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Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.
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A little girl who had the scarlet fever was told that the disease would have to peel off. "But if I peel off," she said, "what will hold me together?"—*Little People.*

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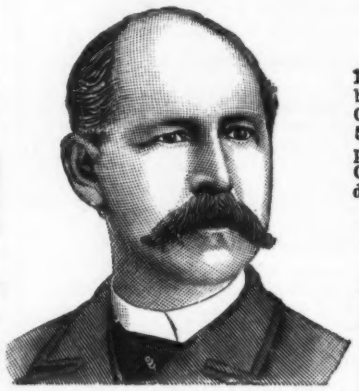
DOUBLE STOUT, INDIA PALE ALE, HALF & HALF.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.
RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

CAUTION **W. L. Douglas'** name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all Shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If your dealer does not keep the style or kind you want, or offers you shoes without **W. L. Douglas'** name and price stamped on them, and says they are just as good, do not be deceived thereby, but send direct to the Factory, for you can get what you want by return mail, postage paid. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody; therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have **W. L. Douglas'** name and the price stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of **W. L. Douglas' Shoes.** In ordering by mail, state whether you want Congress, Button or Lace, London cap toe, plain French toe, or narrow cap toe; and be sure to give size and width you wear. I can fit any foot that is not deformed, as my shoes are made in a great variety of widths, sizes and half sizes. I guarantee a fit, prompt delivery, and perfect satisfaction, or money refunded upon return of the shoes in good condition. **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**



W. L. DOUGLAS'
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,
Is a fine, seamless calf shoe, wich Dongola tops and Oak Leather bottoms. They are made in Congress, Button, and Lace, on London Cap Toe, Narrow Cap Toe, and Plain French Toe Lasts, in sizes from 5 to 11 (including half sizes), and in all widths. If you have been paying from $5 to $6 for shoes of this quality, do not do so longer. One pair will wear as long as two pairs of common shoes sold by dealers that are not warranted by the manufacturer.

Our claims for this shoe over all other $3 shoes advertised, are:
1st. It contains better material.
2d. It is more stylish, better fitting, and durable.
3d. It gives better general satisfaction.
4th. It costs more money to make.
5th. It saves more money for the consumer.
6th. Is is sold by more dealers throughout the U. S.
7th. Its great success is due to merit.
8th. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.
9th. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 shoe advertised.

$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue. The following Lines will be found to be of the Same Quality of Excellence:

$5.00 SHOE GENUINE HAND-SEWED, which takes the place of custom-made shoes that cost from $7 to $9.
$4.00 SHOE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY HAND-SEWED WELT $4 SHOE. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $8.
$3.50 SHOE FOR POLICEMEN. Railroad Men and Letter-carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-sewed Shoe. No tacks or wax-thread to hurt the feet.
$2.50 SHOE IS UNEXCELED FOR HEAVY WEAR. Best Calf Shoe for the price.
$2.25 SHOE WORKINGMAN'S. Is the best in the world for rough wear. One pair ought to wear a man a year.
$2.00 SHOE IS EQUAL TO SHOES THAT COST FROM $3 to $3.50. One pair will wear longer than any shoe ever sold at the price.
$2.00 SHOE FOR BOYS. Is the best School Shoe in the world.
$1.75 SHOE YOUTH'S SCHOOL. Gives the small boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button, and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS' $3 and $2 SHOES for LADIES.
Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E, and EE widths.
STYLES OF LADIES' SHOES.
"The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The American Common-sense," "The Medium Common-sense." All made in Button, in the Latest Styles. Also, French Opera in Front Lace, on $3 Shoe only.
Consumers should remember that W. L. DOUGLAS is the largest and only Shoe Manufacturer in the world supplying shoes direct from factory, thus giving all the middlemen's profits to the wearer. **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

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For fifteen years has been a standard remedy with Physicians treating mental or nervous disorder. Not a secret. It aids in the bodily and wonderfully in the mental growth of children. Young men with impaired mental faculties can regain their strength by its use. It restores the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion; refreshes weakened vital powers in old or young. Vital Phosphite not a Laboratory Phosphate or soda-water absurdity. It is used by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Bismarck, Gladstone, and other great brain-workers. For sale by druggists, or mail, $1.00.
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EMORY & CO., Sixth and Vine Sts.,
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SINGERS who have used Piso's Cure for Consumption say it is BEST OF ALL. Sold everywhere. 25c

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Fall Styles of Gentlemen's Silk and Felt Hats were issued on SATURDAY, August 31st.

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Our Hats are on sale only at our Retail Stores and authorized agents in all the principal cities of the United States. None genuine without our trade-mark.

DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN PILE OINTMENT is the only sure cure for Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says:

"I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c. and $1 per box.

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STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists. Saratoga, N. Y.

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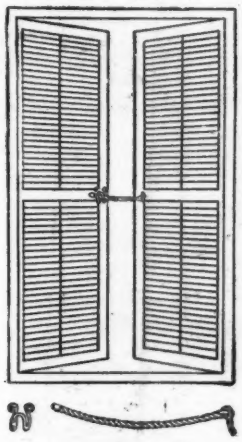
S. & M. SHUTTER BOW and LOCK

Price 10 Cents each, Postpaid.

Patented July 10, 1888.



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FOR SALE OR TO LEASE FOR A TERM OF YEARS.

An extensive Lime Stone Quarry in the Mohawk Valley, at Palatine Bridge, N. Y. The Quarry has an open face of 1200 feet in length, contains from 15 to 20 acres, and is situated within a few rods of the New York Central Railroad. The courses range from a few inches up to 3 feet and over in thickness, and are particularly adapted for heavy walls and bridge work. For further particulars apply to S. L. Frey, Palatine Bridge, N. Y.

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STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise and instruction for Six stamps. E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, N. Y.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Ah," said the leading American humorist to a well-dressed stranger whom he met at the Pesth house, down by the sea, "I think I have seen you before. You graduated at Snail university last June, did you not?" "I did," replied the stranger, with the air of a man who would not lie about a little thing like that. "Yes," said the leading American humorist; "I thought I recognized you. I wrote the affair up for the *Slab*. And what are you doing now? waiting on table?" The alumnus shook his head. "Driving express-wagon?" "No." "Oh, I see; pitching for the Grounders." "No; I have been appointed managing editor of the *Slab*, and am down here attending the national convention of marble-cutters. If you like I will give you an assignment that will help pay expenses." And the leading American humorist went out and lay down on the shingly beach and died hard—mighty hard.—*Burdette.*

GLOVES DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER.

America is now *excelling* the foreign countries in the manufacture of gloves, especially in the finish and wearing qualities. The fact seems to be well known by our people, as they are now using the home manufactured glove more than ever before. In buying foreign gloves, you have no redress when they prove poor, as is so often the case, but the home maker is glad to know of any defect, and wants to replace anything that is not right and guard against it in the future.

The difference between the elevator and the toiling sufferer who pulls the rope is that one lifts the worker and the other works the lifter.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Lord Dunmersey," by Leander Richardson, is one of the latest novels, and is meeting with genuine success.

LITTLE BLIZZARDS

Suspicion makes many a square meal on nothing, and jealousy fattens on what is left.

There is no chickweed in the garden of the heart, but it needs weeding just the same.

There are few sadder sights in this world than the spectacle of a young man who is trying to be a dude and can't.

Liars are cautioned by the Jamestown *Journal* to remember that Ananias did not have such an easy death, notwithstanding he was rocked to sleep.

Electricity may be the best method of punishment for some criminals, but hanging is good enough for the individual who spits tobacco-juice out of a car-window on a curve.

Western advice to young men is sometimes all right and sometimes it is not. There are only ten professional rat-catchers in this country, and they get $1,500 a year. Young man, go ratting.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A very charming booklet is "Verses from a Mother's Corner," by Mrs. George Archibald, whose work in the JUDGE and other publications has been widely admired. Mrs. Archibald writes in a serious vein in this little work, and her verses will touch the heart of every mother who reads them. Published by the Empire printing-house, Elmira, N. Y.

HE PROVED HIS CASE.

"Human nature is mighty queer, isn't it?" he observed to the other man on the rear platform of the street-car.

"Yes; I suppose so," replied the other.

"People are too sensitive—altogether too sensitive."

"I don't know about that."

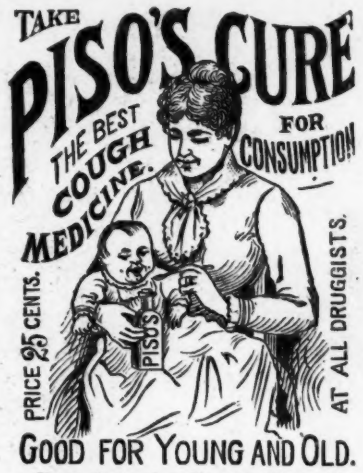
"Well, I do. For instance, now, you have a red nose. You are not to blame for it, perhaps, but you are so sensitive that if I should offer you a remedy for it you"——

"You old loafer! I've a good mind to knock your head off," hissed the red-nosed man as he squared off.

"Told you so!" replied the other as he dropped off. "Human nature is the queerest durned thing on earth, and some folks are so sensitive that they'd swallow their false teeth rather than let any one know they had 'em."—*Free Press.*

It makes an underwriter frown
To drain this bitter cup:
That where a ship has settled down
He has to settle up.
—*Rochester Herald.*

"Why do you poison yourself with that vile stuff?" asked the prohibitionist of the tramp. "'Cause it's the best I kin afford. You don't expect a poor workin' man to be a-blowin' hisself agin champagne cocktails, do ye?"—*Terre Haute Express.*



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DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75¢ **GUNS** All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. WATCHES, CLOCKS, Etc.

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OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, 42D ST.,
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Price by Mail, Postage Paid, 95c.

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JUDGE BUILDING,
110 Fifth Avenue, - - NEW YORK CITY.

Put mosquitoes on duty on Sundays and they would beat policemen at the work of finding open bars.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

You can't say, in the words of the Mikado, when the morning dew evaporates, that it never will be mist.—*Philadelphia Press.*

FLESS & RIDGE, JUDGE PRINTERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

At the beginning of the season the racing amateur has all the money and no experience. At the end of the season the situation is emphatically reversed.